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WILD FLOWERS

OF THE

ROCKY MOUNTAINS

*ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED UNDER TITLE OF
WILD FLOWERS OF COLORADO*

FROM ORIGINAL WATER COLOR SKETCHES DRAWN
FROM NATURE

BY

EMMA HOMAN THAYER

AUTHOR OF "WILD FLOWERS OF THE PACIFIC COAST," ETC.

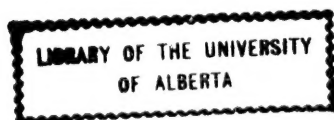
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TO
MY TOURISTS FRIENDS,
ELMER, AMY, AND BYRON,
I DEDICATE THIS BOOK.



LIST OF PLATES.

ANEMONE OR WIND FLOWER.
YUCCA OR SOAP PLANT.
COLUMBINE.
MARIPOSA LILY.
PRIMROSE.
IRIS OR FLEUR-DE-LIS.
PRIMULA ARGEMONE MEXICANA OR PRICKLY-POPPY.
IPOMEEA OR "MAN OF THE EARTH."
ASTERS.
TREE CACTUS.
DWARF OR CUP CACTUS.
CACTUS.
KNIGHT'S PLUME
GILIA.
GENTIAN.
GOLDEN AND SPIDER ASTERS.
EPILOBIUM OR BUTTERFLY FLOWER.
THIMBLE PLANT.
CASTELLEIA OR PAINTER'S BRUSH.
LINUM OR FAIRY LILLY.
MALLOW.
GENTIANA OR EVENING PRIMROSE.
CLEOME.
WILD GERANIUM LEAVES.



Wild Flowers of Colorado.

A moonlight night, a party of friends had called to say good-by. They were going, they said, "for a good time," and what should they bring me? Now this good time meant six in the party, a private car, a fine variety of ammunition for the department of the interior, guns, rods, and four beautiful dogs.

"What will you bring me? Flowers—all that you can find; and press them so that I can paint them as souvenirs of your trip." "We will do so—but stay; why not accompany us and make your paintings from the fresh flowers? It will be much better than copying the pressed ones. I will take my wife, who is wild to go, and instead of six, we shall make eight. But if, while calmly sketching, a stray shot comes too close, or all the dogs in turn play leap-frog over your easel, shall we then see the same smiling countenance?" "Certainly!" "Then it is agreed," and so it came to pass that in the autumn of 1884 a happy party left Denver for a thirty days' trip in the mountains of Colorado.

While we are on our way to Colorado Springs, which we do not reach until afternoon, let me help you pass the time by showing you some of our early spring flowers.

The first to make its appearance, almost before the snow

has disappeared, is the anemone, or wind flower. It brings Easter to me more forcibly than any other flower. No matter how early that holy festival arrives, this little lily-shaped flower is here to welcome it. Observe how delicate are its lavender blossoms, and how well protected it is from the cold. A substance resembling fur grows up around the blossom. It would seem as though this little fur coat were given it to protect it from the cold. Later you see it leaving its coat behind, and as it gets older and stronger it drops it altogether. After the blossom disappears the plant resembles a little family of fur balls. I found this one growing on the prairie some little distance from Colorado Springs.

Early one morning I started out for a walk, and, as usual, taking my little tin box of colors with me, I walked in the direction of "Manitou," as I could the better have a view of Pike's Peak. It was one of those clear, bright mornings when every mountain stood out clear and distinct; one could see the many parks, and imagine just where lay the lovely clear lakes which have been so much admired by those who have seen them while visiting the Rocky Mountains.

Without knowing it I had walked a long distance, so lost in thought and admiration had I been, and, disliking to turn my back on the lovely scenery, I sat down for a little rest, and discovered I was sitting in the midst of these pretty wind-flowers. They came up from the sand like so many little fur heads, with bright lavender eyes that seemed to open wider and wider as I



looked at them. Choosing a fine bunch that seemed further advanced than the others I soon made a sketch of it. I say soon. To an artist interested in the work time is nothing, and it is usually hours instead of minutes that have passed. When I had finished this sketch I found the sun cast its rays directly upon me, and I knew there was no time to lose if I expected to reach home in time for dinner.

The next of what I consider exclusively Colorado plants is the yucca. It comes much later in the spring, and if the season is late it is often June before it makes its appearance. I have given only the top of the stalk and the buds and the tips of the leaves. This plant grows from one to four feet high, and blossoms all the way down the stalk, or, I should say, all the way up from the root. The full blown blossoms are white, with slight streaks of a delicate pink and green. They are as large as a tulip and much like the tulip in shape; but instead of looking up, they look down. They are very beautiful, and blossom until the last of August. The leaves are sword-shaped, very sharp and stiff, and grow from twelve to eighteen inches long. They all start directly from the center, the stalk standing perfectly straight. The common name is soap-plant, the root being used by the Indians instead of soap.

Speaking of yucca reminds me of an Indian girl I knew in the early days of Colorado, before the Indians had gone to their reservation. A squaw often came to my rooms to beg. She had learned a few English words, and could say with apparent pride,

"Gum me bit. Gum me bit." To give her the "bit" every time she came was quite impossible, as it represented a shilling of our money, but to the squaw it made little difference whether she received the bit or not, for she came just the same every morning. A worse looking creature one could hardly imagine. An old gray blanket, confined at the waist with a piece of rope, composed her dress; on her feet she wore moccasins, with pieces of blanket tied around her ankles for stockings. She was never seen with any thing on her head, and her hair, oh! that hair! I can not describe it. If some of our enthusiastic Eastern friends could have seen her, what a contrast she would have made to the lovely Indian maiden that has so enlisted their sympathy. Their first impulse would be to look around for a bath-house, and their first present a piece of soap with instructions how to use it; but if their advice as to cleanliness had been no better heeded than mine was, it would have done but little good.

With this particular squaw I made up my mind to do some missionary work. I taught her some words, such as "good," "bad," "wash," "comb," and many others. Then I gave her a piece of soap, rubbing it with my hands as if washing them. She looked at me in astonishment and said "Yes, yes." I had some hope for her. The next morning she came, and after the first salutation of "Gum me bit," she showed me her hands. The inside of them was covered with dry soap. I was discouraged, but getting a basin of water I made her put her hands in and rub them. She seemed to understand, and, laughing, said "Yock,



Yock," and before I could show her how to wash them she disappeared, but soon returned bringing a yucca root, and breaking it in pieces gave them to me; she then took a piece and putting it in the basin rubbed her hands in great glee, saying "Yock washee." I then understood for the first time the virtue of the yucca root; and this Indian girl whom I was trying to teach was able to teach me.

Here is some columbine a friend of mine gathered. I say "a friend of mine," and surely he has proven both guide and friend on many a trip over the mountains; should I mention his name many tourists would remember him with pleasure. He would perhaps object to have his name in print, and so we will call him "Dick;" but should I write as I feel inclined, I would devote a chapter to his bravery and goodness. Dick, knowing my fondness for mountain flowers, made many a perilous trip to gather them for me. The day he brought me this lovely bunch of columbine he had just returned with a party from a long trip up the mountains. He looked tired and dusty, but a smile lighted up his face when he said: "These beat any thing I ever see in this kind of flower; they're pretty, ain't they, now?" I see them a good bit off and asked the gentlemen if they would mind to rest a few minutes while I got a bunch of 'em. They seemed glad to stop, for we had had a hard morning, coming down over boulders as large as this room, some of them, and they being 'tenderfeet' they needed no great amount of coaxing to stop; and I hadn't got more'n a dozen feet from them when I looked

back and every last one was stretched out at full length, and I've no doubt but fast asleep; yet they had made the trip up the mountain with no complaints.

"It is strange, ain't it, now, how those eastern fellows, tourists they call them, will come out here and climb mountains, and do more hard work in one week than they would do in a year at home, and try to act just as if they were used to it, and they could stand it just as well as I can. I never let on but I believe 'em, and we trudge right along; but I ain't hard-hearted enough to let 'em start in those little pointed shoes that they have on their feet, but make 'em believe they can't get a good foot-hold with that kind, and in that way I get them started in good broad soles. They laugh at them at first, but before they are through they have good cause to rejoice, and will recommend 'em with pride to their friends for mountain climbing.

"When I got back they were much refreshed; each had had a good nap, and the horses also looked rested. One of the gentlemen had a box of paints, just like the one you always carry, and he said he would like to make a paintin' of the whole bunch; but I told him they were for a friend of mine, and gave him only a few. These are the best of the lot. No, they ain't faded a bit. I put the wet paper around them just as you showed me before, and they look as fresh as if I had just picked them, don't they?"

In no state or country does the columbine grow so large or more beautiful than in Colorado. The higher you go up the mountains the smaller become the blossoms. They are in shape



much like the eastern columbine that grows wild in New England woods, but there the colors are not as rich, and in size our columbine is at least four times larger. There are many shades of color, I am told, but I have never seen but three, yellow, or straw color, pink and purple.

The next representation is the Mariposa lily. They are considered one of the choice flowers of this State. Tourists gather them every summer, press them and send them to friends in the East; but there is little satisfaction in preserving them in this way, as they become dry and break, and lose their color, which is a delicate lavender, with touches of yellow or orange, brown and white. They are very delicate and wither quickly after breaking from the stem, but as quickly revive when placed in water.

They are not a common flower. I have seen the finest at Manitou. This one I found on one of the foot-hills opposite the Manitou House. It was early in the summer and before the great concourse of people who visit this lovely spot had arrived. Two young ladies from the East had come to visit me, and we went there to spend a few days. We arrived there about six o'clock and in time for supper. I noticed the girls had an anxious look, and seemed expecting to see some one. I inquired the cause. "Why, we are looking for the cowboys; where are they?" "I do not know," I answered, "but if that is what you are looking for, we will make inquiry at the office." To the office (which is also used for sitting-room as ladies and gentlemen) we

went. "Cowboys, Miss? I am very sorry to say we are just out of them, but we expect some in about seven o'clock in the morning." "Oh, how lovely! call us, please, at six-thirty;" and the young ladies seemed really happy at the prospect of seeing a real cowboy.

Tired from our journey we were soon in our rooms and in bed. It seemed to me I had only just fallen asleep, when there came a rap on the door and a "six-thirty, ladies." We were called none too early, for already we could hear the tramp of hundreds of feet and a low, musical song or chant in the distance. Looking down from our window we saw coming down the street a large herd of cattle; by their side and in their rear rode the cow-boys, who with their song, that sounded so weird and chant-like, seemed to control them. "Oh, see what large hats they have on, and spurs, and how fast they ride!" came from the two young heads at the window.

So, young ladies, these are the cow-boys you have been anxious to see. Well, they are fine specimens of manly strength and health, but remember the term "cow-boy" is improperly applied to all men engaged in the cattle business, no matter whether they herd the cattle or own them.

I left the young ladies to talk over the sight they had just seen, while I went out to improve the time in sketching. As I started from the house I again heard the tramp of many feet. I looked and saw horses and guides coming. They halted in front of the hotel. I was told they came every morning at the same



hour for parties wishing to go to Pike's Peak. Soon the party that were to make the ascent came out, having first prepared themselves for the trip with a good breakfast. Then each chooses her, or his, horse, and with the usual amount of laughing, talking, and "fixing" they started, the guide leading the way, with the photographer bringing up the rear. He is never left, a party is not considered complete without him, as it is the ambition of every one making the ascent to bring away with them their picture, taken at the fearful height of fourteen thousand feet above the level of the sea.

Primroses are found on the plains all the way between Denver and Canyon City. They spring up all over the prairie. They make their appearance early in the spring, and I have seen them in blossom as late as October. The blossom varies in size all the way from the size of a silver dollar to ten inches in circumference. This one I found growing at the foot of Cheyenne Mountain. They are usually white, and the pink ones are quite uncommon; indeed, this is the only pink one I have ever seen.

I was riding with some friends who were going for the first time in the canyon. The morning was a lovely one; there had been a recent shower, and as rain is quite uncommon in this section of the country, it had been hailed with delight. The canyon is never so fine as after a rain. The beautiful colors of the mountains shine out with renewed brilliancy, and the delicate green of the foliage looks cool and inviting. Residents of

Colorado Springs have discovered this, and mornings after a rain you can see parties of two, four, and sometimes ten and twelve, riding toward the canyon.

I can not describe to you my delight when I discovered this primrose. My friends were all looking up at the magnificent sight before them. I, who had been there many times before, was looking down, and discovered this lovely specimen just in time to prevent my horse stepping upon it. It grew alone, and just above it was a red sandstone rock; one could imagine that the washing from this rock had affected its color.

I have given you only a portion of the plant. It grows no higher than represented in the painting, but from the root will come many spreading branches. This represents one branch. On the whole plant I counted nine full blossoms and thirty-three buds.

The iris, or fleur-de-lis, grows grandly in these mountains. I selected these from a bed that grew in the western part of the State. Dick told me of them and said there was a bed of them that could be seen at a great distance, so large was it and so completely covered with flowers. He said it looked from a short distance like a lovely purple carpet.

I rode out one day and found he had not exaggerated their beauties. They covered at least an acre of ground. It was damp and in some places wet. I think there was a natural spring in the midst of them that kept them constantly moist, and this made them grow so large and rich. I have often seen them

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in different sections of the State, but only in small beds, and the blossoms not as large as represented.

These are only a few of our spring flowers. There are a great many varieties, and did space allow I should like to describe more of them to you. From the first appearance of the anemone we are never without flowers until the last of October. One can always have in their rooms a choice bouquet of wild flowers. As fast as one variety disappears another comes to take its place.

June is the most delightful month of the year in this State. Wherever grass can grow there you will see flowers of all shades. The ride over the mountains in this month is beautiful. It is a perfect flower-garden all the way from Denver to Salt Lake.

I saw a novel sight last June as the train was going through the canyon of the Arkansas and along the river by that name. I saw growing from a large rock in the river a bunch of pink flowers. It was at least thirty feet from the mountains on either side of it, and not a vestige of grass growing near; yet this bunch of flowers continued to bloom and was seen and admired by hundreds who traveled by it.

One of the prettiest flowers we have in June is the wild rose. It grows in great profusion. I have seen miles of roses in full bloom. They grow on small bushes like little trees along the rivers, in the canyon, and on the sides of the mountain; there will be hundreds of blossoms on one bush. They are of a deep

pink when they first blossom, but grow paler as they grow older. They are the same as the wild roses of the East, those you are familiar with from your childhood, and they have become so dear in your memory that any painting I could give you would, I fear, prove only a disappointment.

Our first camp was made about four o'clock in the afternoon of the day we left Denver, a few miles from Colorado Springs, the engineer choosing a place where the car could be safely side-tracked. As this was our first stop, all seemed anxious to leave the car.

The men had heard that a jack rabbit had been seen to pass over this part of the country. A vote was taken, and it was agreed that we should add Mr. Jack Rabbit to our party. So while they had gone to look for tracks and supper was being prepared, I took my materials and wandering off a short distance was soon at work, having discovered this lovely poppy—*primula argemone Mexicana*. Standing quite by itself, this one grew about three feet high. They seldom grow any taller, the common height being from one to two feet. The blossom is very delicate, being almost transparent, the center being a bright yellow. The green leaves, as you see, are very thick, with little sharp thorns growing from them. They are very unpleasant to handle, and on this account the blossom is seldom broken from the bush.

While looking at this prickly poppy, I could almost hear it say: "You may paint me and admire me to your heart's content, but I am safe in your company, I am well guarded;



should you attempt to molest me I will command my sentinels to attack you."

Glancing up from my work I found I was not alone, for scarcely a dozen feet from me, sitting on the top of his own little house, was a prairie dog, with his little hands raised as though to pass judgment upon me for trespassing upon his flower-garden. In a few minutes he disappeared, but soon returned with his wife. Now I feel sure it was his wife, because of the great amount of respect he had for her opinion; for, after this little lady had taken a good look at me, she nodded to his lordship in the most approved manner. A look of perfect trust came over his little countenance, and, stepping aside to allow her to pass down first, they disappeared, apparently satisfied that their grounds would not be injured by my presence upon them.

Returning to camp I saw in the distance what appeared to be a funeral procession. Walking ahead came Dick, loaded down with guns and game bags; behind him solemnly strode our four friends. They seemed to be carrying a heavy load; on their shoulders rested a long stick, and depending therefrom were the silent remains of the poor rabbit. What a noble looking fellow he was! Even at the height of the men's shoulders his ears nearly touched the ground.

They continued their solemn march until they reached the commissary car, and then with pride they laid their trophy down. "How is that?" said one. "Oh, he was a fine shot," said another. "Which one of you men fired the cruel shot that took

the life of this noble fellow?" I inquired. "I," said four voices at the same time. It reminded me of the soldier who was to be shot for neglect of duty. Four of his comrades were detailed to shoot him. Only one loaded gun was given, yet the men were in ignorance as to which one held the fatal shot. So with this poor rabbit: while four murderous weapons were pointed toward him it would be quite difficult to tell which man had the right to claim the shot.

A book was to be kept while on this trip, and a true account of each man's game and the number of fish caught to be recorded every day. I am sorry to say we saw that evening opposite each man's name, "1 Jack Rabbit."

We stopped next at Colorado Springs, driving, of course, to Manitou. So much has been written of these two places that I will not tire you with a description of them. While some of our party had gone to the iron spring, I made a sketch of this *ipomœa*, or "man of the earth." I had often heard of this peculiar plant, and had a great desire to see it. I had my curiosity satisfied, for by digging down a few inches I found the root that so resembles a man's head. It is quite as large, although unlike in some respects, this being quite full and solid. The blossom is much like a morning-glory, but more firm; the leaves are small and slender, and the stems, you will see, are very delicate. They go into the earth only a short distance, when they become attached to the immense root I have just described.

I wish I could give you a sketch of this root, it is such



a curiosity and so unlike any other root I have ever seen. They try to preserve it by drying, but it loses its shape, and when dry is not more than half the original size.

Seeing a pretty path, and knowing it would lead me to our hotel, I took it. I had gone but a short distance when I discovered that I was under a perfect bower of *clematis ligusticifolia*. It was in full bloom and I could break off wreaths of it two and three yards long. The blossoms are white, small and very delicate, growing thickly on the slender stem or vine.

The *clematis* in this state grows in great abundance, and is often transplanted into gardens and by porches. It gives a fine shade and is very ornamental. In the fall it looks like a mass of feathery balls. I have seen it also used as an ornament in dressing. Attending a party at one of our leading hotels early one fall, a young lady attracted much attention by the artistic arrangement of what was supposed to be little white feathers in her hair and in the loopings of her thin pink dress. It was the prettiest costume in the room. She was waltzing near me, and one of the little feathers dropped from her dress. Picking it up to restore it to its owner, I discovered it was the *clematis*.

The party from the iron spring soon returned ; their carriages could be seen at quite a distance by the many bright colors of the flowers. Each one held an enormous bouquet in his hands. Even the dogs had wreaths around their necks. "Here, we have brought you material enough for a month—take your choice;" and laying them down I was almost covered with

flowers. They had spoken the truth, there was material enough for many months' work, and looking them over I found it difficult to make a choice.

"Here are some asters I found near the iron spring, will you make a painting of them for me?" "I will gladly do so," I answered, for they were a delight to look upon. They made me think of a modest little country maiden dressed in her Sunday best. So fresh and sweet, they looked an emblem of perfect innocence. They had been broken off close to the top, just as I have painted them. This is a double one; the single ones are much more common. There is a great variety of asters in this state. I have counted thirty varieties in one summer. The plant grows very tall—some as high as three and four feet. They blossom near the top of the branches. Others grow close to the ground in thick mats, the stems being so short that it would be quite impossible to pick them without digging them up by the roots. I have seen lovely bouquets made of them by putting a quantity in a dish of wet sand. Thus arranged, they will keep fresh and continue to blossom for weeks.

Whenever I see the aster it reminds me of a lovely young woman I met in the mountains last summer. I wish you could see her as I first saw her. I was riding up one of the canyons not far from Manitou. The morning was cool and pleasant. I was going up a path seldom frequented. It is always a pleasure to me to prospect in these unfrequented paths, and this morning I found something I was not looking for—a little cottage snugly



built by the side of the mountain. There was quite a grove around it, and suspended from two large trees I saw a hammock; it was lined with a robe of fur, and on the ground and in easy rustic chairs were thrown fur skins of great value. As I advanced a large Newfoundland dog lying near heralded my approach. Suddenly springing from the hammock a young girl stood before me. She did not speak, but her large blue eyes inquired the cause of my intrusion. Slipping from my horse I apologized for unintentionally alarming her, and, giving her my name, quickly explained why I was in the canyon.

With a bright smile she advanced and gave me her hand in welcome, and soon I was seated in one of the rustic chairs in earnest conversation. She told me her home was in Vermont; at the age of fourteen she lost her health and was rapidly going into a decline, when, as a last resort, her aunt brought her to the mountains. "Aunt will soon be here," she said. "She has gone with our domestic up the mountain to bring home some pretty flowers we found there yesterday;" and then rising she said: "Will you come and see my garden?" I went with her to the front of the cottage, and there found growing carefully selected wild flowers in great abundance, the asters predominating.

"Oh," she said with a sigh, "how I shall miss these pretty little things, and this mountain home." "Are you going to leave it?" I inquired. "Yes, I am quite well and strong now," she said, with the same bright smile with which she had welcomed me. "We have spent three summers here."

Scarcely a week passed without my spending a day with these delightful people. They became my companions on many a prospecting tour. The remembrance of days spent in their society will always remain a bright spot in life's history.

The saddest one was the day before they were to leave their mountain home. I had started early, having been invited to breakfast with them. The table was to be laid out under the trees, and Rover, who had been informed of my coming, met me far down the canyon and proudly escorted me to the ladies.

What a dainty breakfast it was ; but knowing it was the last in this pretty home, it was a sad one. Each one of us smiled and pretended to feel very happy. It was a relief to all when it was over and we were at work packing up the treasures that were to adorn their Vermont home.

"Now come to the garden," said my young friend, "and help me place in this box my little companions;" and tenderly removing the asters from the soft earth she placed them in the damp sand to be transplanted to their Eastern home.

Turning to me she said : "Oh, how I love them. They will be a constant reminder of you and the happy hours spent among these mountains." Since that time they have become my favorite flowers, and when I see them I can see the beautiful tearful eyes saying "Farewell, farewell."

Our stay at Colorado Springs was a short one. Dick had made calls on all of the old hunters within a mile of the town, the result of which was most discouraging as to game. Not even a



chipmunk could be promised, so the second day we continued our journey, making our second camp not far from Canyon City, and near the entrance to the canyon of the Arkansas. Here it was decided to spend at least two or three days. The men had been told before leaving home that at this point game could be had simply by hunting for it.

Dick was delighted. He knew this part of the country well, and each man was promised more game than he could carry to camp. "But you must behave yourselves well in these parts," said Dick. "Just look over there to the right: that big pile of stone is the State's prison." "Oh no, sir, I've never been in there myself, but I've had a friend there." All promised to be on their best behavior, and then commenced the great preparation for the first hunt.

I was delighted at the prospect of spending two days here, for in no part of the state do the flowers seem more beautiful. Those who have been so fortunate as to be here in late summer or early fall will remember the cactus. I have seen the mountains scarlet with them. The first blossoms to be seen are those of the tree cactus. The flowers appear on the extreme ends of the branches, and are very brilliant. The tree grows on the side of the mountains from three to six feet high; the branches are as large as the body of the tree and very irregular. This specimen I painted about a mile from camp.

One of the dogs had been left in camp as a protection to the remaining party, and this faithful animal had insisted upon

accompanying me. He was lying quietly at my side, watching me, first looking at my painting, then at the cactus, with a look that plainly showed him to be a critic. At that moment a little squirrel ran a few feet in front of us. The dog's quick ear caught the sound, and in an instant there was a leap and then a yell most fearful to hear ; not one but many, for the poor fellow had jumped on a cactus bush and the thorns were piercing his body. I ran to his assistance and helped him from the bush, then acting the part of surgeon I pulled from his legs seven thorns as long as pins and quite as stiff.

I know of no greater punishment to man or beast than to be thrown upon a cactus bush, and the squirrel must have felt great satisfaction in seeing his enemy so severely chastised. Seeing the dog safe in camp I returned and finished my sketch unprotected. My companion of the morning had no desire to go with me.

Taking a different path back to camp I had gone but a short distance when I discovered this dwarf or cup cactus. It had many companions and each one looked like a miniature flower bed, so thick were its blossoms. I selected this one for its perfect shape and handsome straw-colored flower in full bloom. Many of this species grow close to the ground in clusters like a little family. This one was the largest of the group and I looked upon it with much reverence, for, from the majestic poise of its beautiful head, I felt sure it was the mother of the family.

On reaching camp I found two of our hunters had returned.



In following up some small game they had become lost from the rest of the party, and it being their first trip in the mountains they were afraid to go further, so returned for the dog that had been left in camp. You can imagine their annoyance when they found the most valuable dog disabled. The poor thing looked almost human; each paw had been bound up in soft white cloths saturated with Pond's Extract. He was lying on a bed made of car cushions and blankets. One of the men had shot a squirrel, on his way in, that strongly resembled the one that had given the dog so much pain. A look of pleasure came over his face when it was held up before his eyes; but while it may have belonged to the same family, I am confident our squirrel of the morning episode was too cunning to be caught.

During the two days spent at this camp the men brought in some small game. They seemed disappointed. I have no doubt each man expected to bring home his elk, deer, and buffalo; but as nothing larger than a wild goose had been found, they decided to move on.

Dick looked a little crestfallen. He had had great expectations of this place, and with a sigh said: "It must be too early in the season."

Our third stop was made at a beautiful little town in the very heart of the mountains, called Salida. Great was our surprise when it first came within sight. Its situation is most picturesque, being on a plateau completely surrounded by mountains. One naturally asks: "How can we get out?" We are told

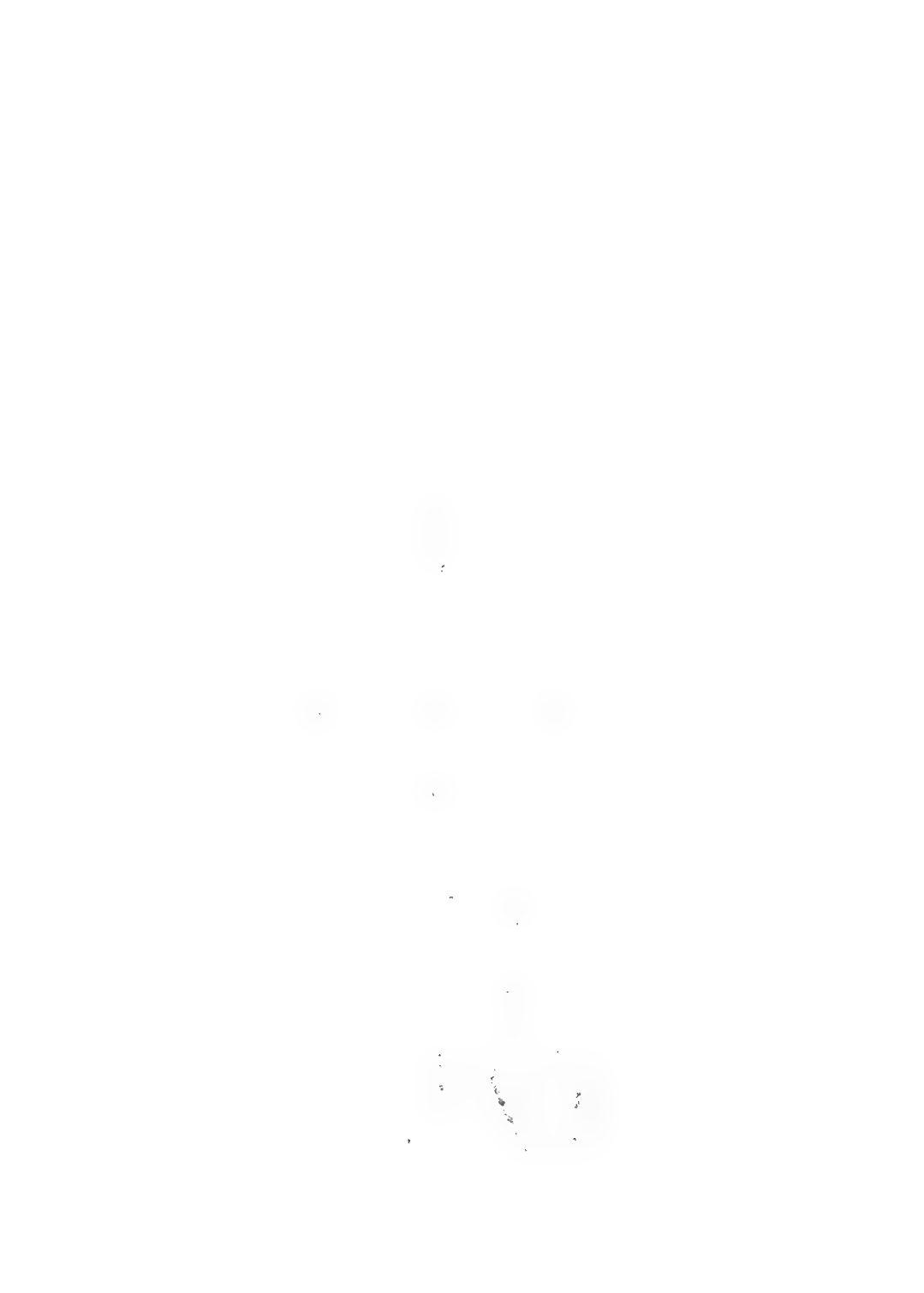
that in order to do so we must climb the mountains to the west. And this is true, as we soon discovered.

At the station we found such a pretty little hotel that we decided to leave the car and spend the night in it, and great was our delight when we discovered that here we could have every luxury—even to a good bath-room with plenty of hot water. In the rear of the house runs the Arkansas river. It is swift and deep. Dick said he had been told on good authority that one could sit in his room and fish for speckled trout out of the window. But this I do not give as authentic.

After supper we went over in town for a walk, and soon found ourselves on the main street, which runs through the center of the town. On each side of the street were every variety of shops, and every thing to attract the miner and his money.

The walk was so pleasant that we decided to continue it to the foot-hills at the end of the straight street, they looked so near; but after walking for more than an hour they seemed no nearer to us than when we had started. While hesitating about going further, a boy passed us driving home cows. One of our party asked him if he would tell us how far it was to the foot-hills. "Oh, I reckon it is any where from eight to a dozen miles," he said. We were glad Dick was not with us to laugh at our ignorance of distances. But it was not strange that we should have made this mistake, as distance in the mountains is very deceiving. Mountains that stand out so distinctly that





one can almost see the trees upon them, will be miles and miles away.

Guides have much amusement in asking tourists how far distant is such and such a mountain, and then astonishing the person by saying—any number of miles less than a thousand.

After interviewing the boy with the cows we retraced our steps, and just before reaching the bridge we saw quite a crowd around a large farm wagon in the middle of the street. The farmer, with one hand holding the reins, was standing, and seemed to be relating some wonderful incident to the crowd. As we wished to see and hear what seemed to be an unusual occurrence, we went up to the wagon. It was a sight rarely seen, even in this section. There, stretched at full length, lay a mountain lion—dead. He was a grand looking fellow. His length, from tip of nose to the end of tail, was just the length of the wagon. We inquired of the farmer how he had killed him, as there seemed to be no indications of firearms used. "How did I kill him? With this very club," and he held up a stout stick about three feet long. "I was walking on the side of the mountain near my ranch when I met the beast. I had not heard a sound, but as I looked up I saw him standing plump before me. He did not look ugly, but astonished, and I believe I was as much of a curiosity to him as he was to me. I didn't take long to think about it, though, and raising my club with all the strength I had, I hit him square on the top of his head. It stunned him, and before he had time to come to, I finished him with this," and

the farmer touched his belt from which hung a sheath that contained a dangerous weapon.

Looking from my window the next morning I saw an engine coming in from the west. The cowcatcher was a blaze of light. It was the most brilliant thing I had ever seen. As it came near I discovered it was the cactus; some artistic hand had placed them upon the engine. It stopped in front of the house and we all went down to see them. I asked the engineer if he would "give one a stop-over check; I would like to paint its portrait." He selected one and gave me. I disliked to see even one disturbed, they looked so bright and happy. I could almost hear them say: "We are on a little trip, and we have a pass for the whole party."

I have given you only three varieties of cactus, but there are many more. They blossom on the mountains from July to the last of September. Hundreds of plants are taken away every summer by tourists to be transplanted to a foreign soil.

On the second day we drove over to Poncha Springs, a little town five miles west of Salida. During the drive we passed many fine ranches. One especially attracted our attention. The house was built after the English style, and was reached from the main road by little bridges that crossed the south fork of the Arkansas river. The soft-eyed Jersey and her six-months' old daughter stood near the lane as we passed, and seemed disappointed that we did not enter.

On reaching the village we drove at once up the mountain



to see the hot springs that—"Well, sir, they will bile 'n egg in five minutes." And sure enough, there they were, steaming hot and constantly boiling. One wondered how long they had been so, what made them so, and how long they would continue to boil. The ground around us seemed actually hot, and the men of our party, the pockets of whose hunting jackets were filled with every thing that would "go off," decided that they were safer a little further down the mountain. Part of the party wanted to try the hot baths, and left us for the bath house. The rest, prospecting among the rocks, reported having seen thirty-eight hot springs.

Growing close by one of the smaller springs I found this knight's-plume. I do not think it yet possesses a botanical name. I have not been able to find one. It is not a common flower in this State, and I have only seen this one color—lavender. It grows from two to three feet high, and from one root will spring either five, seven, or nine stalks, covered with a fine feathery blossom which so resembles a plume. It blossoms from the latter part of August until October.

One of the attendants at the springs told me of a very rare flower he had found two or three days before, and had in a vase in his room. Expressing a wish to see it he brought it to me, and I discovered it to be a wild orchid. The blossom was about the size of a silver dollar, and it had the rich brown markings so peculiar to the orchid. I regretted exceedingly that it had been broken from the plant so long that a correct painting could not be

given of it. It would have made a valuable addition to my collection.

Our drive back to Salida was a delightful one; the setting sun threw lovely tinted shadows on the mountains and the roadside looked like a flower garden because of the hundreds of prim-roses in full bloom.

It was with some regret that we left the hotel and again took up our quarters in the car; but as we expected to start very early in the morning Dick advised our moving in the night before. We had gotten fairly settled when a rap was heard on the car door, and on being answered, the farmer whom we had met the day before came in. He said he had heard that we not only traveled in the car, but ate and slept there also, and he had a great curiosity to see it. He was shown the arrangements of the berths, ready for the night, the miniature kitchen and all of its appointments, the little tables used; and Dick, with much pride, arranged a dainty lunch upon one for him.

We found him a very intelligent and interesting man. He told us about the ranch he had "taken up" some eight years ago. His home had been in Iowa, and the second year after his marriage he and his wife came to Colorado. "We traveled quite differently from this," he said; "and yet when we left home father thought we had a good start. We came in our own wagons, and had good horses. It took us two weeks and four days to make the trip. A neighbor's son came out here the year before, and so we knew just how to come. We have a nice place



now," and waving his hand with a little proud gesture said, "I would like to have you all come and see it." Just before leaving he presented the mountain lion, we had all so much admired, to the party. It was immediately accepted, and Dick commenced at once to pack it so it could be sent the following day by express to a taxidermist living at Denver.

The next day was a beautiful one ; surely the climate in this part of the State is perfect. We commenced climbing from the very start. Up, up, we went, turning numberless "horse-shoes," each one higher than the last, until we reached the summit, or Marshall Pass. The grandeur of this spot and the view from it are far beyond any possible description of mine. Snow sheds cover the track at this point, but large openings are made on the side, and one has before him a view that for height or grandeur would be difficult to surpass in this or any other country.

We made a very short stop here, but Dick found time to dig up for me this fine *Gilia*. The pass was red with them. I think them the most graceful of the wild flowers. As they are approached they seem to move from you and to beckon you on with their constantly swaying motion. The stems, as you see, are very slender, and often run up to a height of two feet. I have counted forty blossoms on one stem. The blossom much resembles the cypress, and the *Gilia* is often called standing cypress.

Our ride down Marshall Pass was an exciting one. Down,

down, we went so fast that I felt much as the school-boy does on his sled with a good long icy hill before him: "Look out there, boys, I'm coming!"

I forgot to say that when we left Denver our destination was Cimarron. The reputation that place was beginning to have for hunting and fishing decided the men. It was a run of four hours from Marshall Pass, and we arrived there in time for a good dinner. We side-tracked the car and made preparations for remaining the rest of the thirty days. Cimarron is a grand place. It is at the head of the Black Canyon. A wilder spot could not be imagined. There is little in the way of buildings, aside from the hotel and railroad houses, and as for "turn-outs," it boasts of one good mountain-wagon and a team of horses that are faithful and sure—not to run away.

The owner of this outfit, Mr. Smith, is as "sure" as his horses, and never yet has he allowed any giddy young man to take the reins. On our arrival we were informed that if we wanted the services of Mr. Smith we must engage him at once, as he and his "rig" were in demand. Dick, accompanied by the men, started at once to find the leading man of the place.

As we entered Cimarron I had seen something purple across the river from the car window. So, taking my box and stool, I went in search of it. After a short walk I found a foot-bridge. Crossing over I was well rewarded, for the "something purple" was a fine bunch of Gentian. I selected this one from the wealth of flowers on the one stalk. You will observe that I have given



a portion of the root. It grows no higher here than represented in the painting.

The gentian will be more familiar to lovers of wild flowers than any of the others I may have given you. It is the favorite wild flower of the East. Here the blossoms are larger and richer in color, blossoming much closer to the stalk, the stalk itself being much thicker than the gentian of the New England states.

This flower always reminds me of a little story I read years ago when I was a child, of a king who loved little children so well that when they came to see him he presented them with a flower called the gentian, and told them to follow the example of the flower by looking up to heaven for beauty of face and character. For years after when I found the gentian I thought of the good king and his advice and naturally looked up, hoping that by doing so I would receive the promised reward.

I had never heard a common name given to this flower, but, as I was returning to camp, I met a little girl, daughter of one of the natives. "Little girl," I said, "will you tell me the name of this flower?" showing her my sketch. "That? Oh, yes'm, it's burro's lily." "Why is it called burro's lily?" I asked. "'Cause the burros never hurt it, but munch all round it, like as if they loved it. S'pose they do, and that's why folks call it that."

I knew before I had reached camp that something pleasant had happened. I could see Dick in the distance, and it was a face brim full of pleasure that met me to tell me the good news.

The outfit had been secured for the next day, and we were all to go on a fishing excursion.

You know the old, old story of getting ready for a day's fishing? First we must all be up by five o'clock, take breakfast at half-past, and be all ready to start at six. These were the orders received the night before. I know that we were called at five o'clock, but it was seven before all had finished their breakfast. Then the rods, flies, baskets for the fish, and, most important of all, the lunch, must be got ready. We prepare the lunch, and know that that part of the work is well done, when we are asked: "Did we have the salt and pepper?" We are afraid we have forgotten the salt, and so the basket is unpacked, this time spreading the contents for a grand review. At last we are confident that nothing is forgotten and we are ready to start. It is now just nine o'clock.

The driver has the spring seat, and we—the bottom of the wagon. Of course there is plenty of straw, and we are packed in according to—Smith. The horses spring forward, and one feels like offering assistance to the driver. But we soon discover that it is unnecessary; the spring is over and put carefully away for the next party.

It was a drive long to be remembered. If there was a stone missed on that trip it was through no fault of the driver, and I, who sat directly over the back axle, can bear witness that none escaped.

This part of the country being new to Dick he was very



quiet, but listened attentively to all Mr. Smith's descriptions, storing them carefully away for future use.

The road follows closely the Cimarron river. It is a pretty stream, the water clear as crystal but very swift, making hundreds of little waterfalls as it rushes on its way to join the grand Arkansas.

We had reached the summit of a long hill, when Mr. Smith, turning to us said: "Do you see that long log house yonder, off to the right, there? Well, that is the place where the Mecker women were secreted; and to save their lives and the lives of many others, poor young Jackson was given up to the Indians from that very house." By this time we had reached the place. It is a one-story log house, having the appearance of rooms being added from time to time until the house and stables have become close neighbors. It is deserted now, and rapidly going to decay. At one time, before the railroad ran through this part of the country, it was an important stage station.

The place, to me, who a few years ago had read of these women and the martyr death of Jackson, was surrounded with interest; and I could picture those helpless women fleeing there for protection.

Growing near the house I found this bunch of golden asters. I have given you only the top of the branches. They flower, as you see, on the extreme end. This bunch grew very tall, three feet high, I should think. The leaves are small and slender.

While I was making my sketch, the party alighted, and,

going through the deserted buildings, were interested in reading the many inscriptions written on the logs. The names of Jackson and Meeker were cut in a conspicuous place, but I do not think they were placed there by the owners of the names. They had little desire to leave their autographs, even in this secluded spot.

About a mile from the old log house the men decided to camp. It was a pretty spot just at the bend of the river and under some fine old trees. The driver assured them it was the very place where he had caught forty-five as fine speckled trout as he had ever seen. This was enough, and in a remarkably short time we saw our four friends each with a rod over his shoulder and a fish-basket in his hand, going in different directions toward the river. They did not seem to care for the company of each other, and we ladies were entirely forgotten.

“Let 'em go,” said Mr. Smith, with a knowing smile; “me and Dick 'll give 'em a surprise. I know a spot where we can get enough for dinner by the time you have the coffee made and the table sot.”

While the driver had been taking care of his horses, Dick had built with some stones a little fireplace and on them placed the coffee-pot filled with good spring water, ready for boiling. We started the fire, and then selecting a grassy spot we laid the cloth and unpacked the basket. A monument of hard boiled eggs adorned the center of the table, supported on each side by plates of sandwiches, fresh and delicious to look upon. Then came the plate of cold roast “fall” chicken, cut in pieces just



large enough to hold in the fingers. The pickles were conspicuous, each man having contributed a bottle, and so we placed them upon the four corners of the cloth to act in a double capacity—to hold the table-cloth down, and to indicate to each man that he was to sit opposite his own bottle.

While waiting for the trout I made a study of these lavender asters. They grow close to the ground, and are often called the spider aster. I have seen but the two colors, white and lavender. It flowers late in the fall, and makes its appearance as early as June.

The water had just commenced boiling when Dick and his companion were seen in the distance. They held up a shining string of fish. I wish you could have seen the nine beautiful trout they had caught. They at once commenced preparing them for cooking. Dick prided himself on his cooking, and always carried with him on his trips his little box of cooking utensils. "Oh, these are beauties," he said, as he placed the pan of fish over the fire, "four of them fill the pan completely. We had better blow the horn for the fishermen to come to dinner, and they can see them before they shrink in the cooking."

The horn was promptly answered. They came, each man carrying his basket as though it was heavy, but quickly dropped their baskets when they saw the pan of fish and stood in silence while Dick told them of the spot and promised to take them there as soon as all had finished dinner.

To say that the lunch was good would but poorly express it.

"Oh," said one of the men, "I have attended many banquets and dinner-parties, but I have never enjoyed one as much as this," and helping himself to another piece of trout and the last boiled egg, he was oblivious to every thing around him.

While Dick had gone to show the place in the river that had furnished the trout for dinner, Mr. Smith offered to take the ladies for a drive, and, if we liked, he would show us the place where they killed Jackson. "It was only a mile or two away," he said.

A more lonely, desolate looking place would be hard to imagine. A few feet from the spot where the Indians did their cruel work grew, like a living monument, this epilobium, or butterfly-flower. I begged the party to wait and allow me to make a painting of it as a souvenir of the lonely place which history has made famous. The epilobium is a common flower in this State. It grows sometimes three and four feet high. The leaves are large and rank. It flowers from August until late fall.

All pronounced the day a success. We reached camp at Cimarron just before dark. The little account book was brought out, and a flattering number of fish caught was placed before each man's name.

Arising very early one morning I decided to take a cup of coffee and then go into the Black Canyon and make a sketch of some thimble blossoms I had seen growing there. The morning was beautiful. The canyon looked more grand to me in the early morning light than at any time before. The mountains



looked higher and the rushing river deeper. In spots where the sun would strike the rocks you could see all the colors that come from the mineral, and I could well appreciate the name of Colorado given to this state. I think the hour spent in making this study was the most peaceful in my memory. Constantly the words of that beautiful hymn would come to me: "Peace on earth, good will toward men;" and the rushing river below, with its musical echo, seemed to be playing the accompaniment.

I was much interested in my study. It is a flower that seems to hold itself above the others in its bold and dignified bearing. I have heard it called the "drum major," from the resemblance the disk or fleshy expansion has to the tall fur hat that so proudly adorns the head of that important personage. The plant grows on the side of the mountains and near running water, varying in height from one to five feet. It has some resemblance to the wild coreopsis of the East.

I had nearly finished my work when I saw men coming into the canyon; a bridge had been weakened by the rising of the river, and they were on their way to repair it. Suddenly they turned and ran in the direction of their tents, but soon re-appeared with guns. Looking up the canyon I discovered the cause of their excitement. A beautiful deer had come into the canyon for water, and seeing the men it tried to escape by climbing up the side of the gorge. About thirty feet from the top of the mountain the rocks projected. On the ledge stood the graceful animal, looking first at the men hurrying toward him, then up at the

perpendicular wall above. He seemed to understand that there was no escape; to go higher was impossible, to stay where he was or to descend was certain death, for already the men were within shooting distance. He hesitated but a moment, then looking up as though to ask forgiveness for past sins and the one about to be committed, he gave a fearful leap into the chasm, falling on his head and dying instantly. It was evidently a suicide. An old fellow near me remarked: "A downright shame to cheat us all out of a fine shot and a good dinner," for venison, even in the mountains, is considered a luxury this early in the fall.

I went near to look at the deer. He had a splendid set of antlers. I asked the men if they would give his head to me. "Why, yes, mum; it belongs to you as much as to any on us: we all see him first." Sending for Dick, who had quite a reputation as a taxidermist, we secured the head (which now adorns my studio), and in triumph walked into camp. "Where did you get it?" "Are there any more?" "Did you shoot it?" were a few of the questions asked me. I told them if they would promise to give me the credit of securing "the first antlers of the hunt," I would tell them the truth. They promised, and the story was soon told, the result of which was that each man vowed he would get up by sunrise every morning, go into the canyon, and watch for deer.

The *castelleia* grows here in great abundance, and is, perhaps, better remembered than any of the wild flowers. Children pick



FAIRY LILY

them and, arranging them in bouquets, sell them to passengers on the through trains at the stations. I have seen bouquets bought in Marshall Pass remain fresh, by being placed in water, until they reached Chicago. The common name is "painter's brush," but it has many others. The Indians call it "bloody-nose," from its bright red color. I have also seen it in yellow, pink and flesh tints. It grows to the height of eight and ten inches, but the common height is shown in the study given. It grows everywhere, on the mountains and in the valleys. It seems to have no choice of location.

I found this bunch about a half mile from camp, and was working diligently upon it with the hope of finishing it before dark, when a shadow suddenly covered my paper. Looking up I saw standing near me an old man. "Paintin', be yer?" "Well, yes," I said. "How do you like it?" and I held it up for his inspection. "Well, it looks mighty putty, but don't waste your time making a pictur' of bloody-nose, Missus, if that is w'at ye are in these parts for. I will take yer to a place up on the mountains where a flower grows that beats all the rest on 'em. It grows in one spot every year, and Sunday, when I was up there, I see the whole family rigged out to kill." "The family?" I asked. "Yes, the flowers, ye know; never see 'em rigged out so fine before." "I would consider it a great favor if you would introduce me to this finely dressed family," I said. "Oh, no favor, mum. I'm going up the mountain by daylight in the morning to hunt up a stray cow—been gone now nigh on a

week—and I'll just get the whole bunch, as I come back, and bring 'em to you." "Oh, no," I said, "I could not think of breaking up so interesting a family; let me go with you, and I will pay them a visit at their own home." "Well, well," he said, "just as you say, but it is mighty high and rough, yet ye do look rugged. Ye can have Betsey's old shoes; them thin things of yours would be left on the way in little bits: mountains ain't no good place for them kind of shoes." I told him I owned a pair of mountain shoes and would surely wear them on our trip, if he would allow me to go with him. "Yes, yes, glad to take yer;" and extending his hand he said: "Good-by till morning."

Early the next morning I started with this kind old man, who, no matter how rough in dress and speech, had a love for the beautiful, and for years had watched this lovely flower bloom on the mountains.

In less than an hour after we left the cabin I was presented to the family which he had so highly praised, and proud he was when he saw my delight. Around the flowers for the space of several feet the grass was free from weeds and had the appearance of being recently cut. I inquired why this was so. "Oh," he said, "I cut it the last time I was up here. I all'ys have to pass right along here when I go over the mountain, and I hate to see the poor things choked to death." There was a smile on his face that reminded me of one I had seen on the face of a fond father when speaking of his little ones at home.

Clustered together, they grew to a height of two feet. On



the tips of the plant these almost transparent, delicate little blue blossoms were flowered. They swayed constantly, as if nodding their thanks for the morning sun and the fresh mountain air given them. It was a lovely picture—one I will not soon forget. I fear that my brush has made but a poor representation of it.

I asked my new-found friend the name of this, his favorite flower. "Oh, a good bit ago me and Betsey named it fairy-lily, arter our little Lily we left back in the States." I thought it appropriately named, and so we will call it "the fairy lily." I am unable to find its botanical name, and doubt its having one. It belongs to the *Linum* family.

Perhaps the hardest day spent at Cimarron was the one selected for our picnic. It was to be spent in one of the pretty parks on a mountain about two miles from camp. The road to the park was only a trail, and to get there we must go on horseback. It was easy to say go on horseback—but where were the horses?

Mr. Smith had been engaged to take a lately arrived party out hunting, and expected to be gone for several days; but "he guessed he could rig us up on some burros he had. They were good travelers—slow, but sure." I wish you could have seen them when they were brought to us "all saddled and bridled." Six worse looking animals I never saw. They looked all ears. The saddles were too large, and, to make them fit, pieces of carpet, gunnysack and old blankets had been placed under them. The largest burro had a bell attached to his neck, and we were told

that he must lead, the others would follow without guiding. I would like to give you a sketch of the start, but, as my sketches must be confined to flowers, I refrain.

We follow the bell. The animals are so small that the tall men of the party are obliged to hold their legs akimbo to keep their feet from dragging. There was a halt at least every ten minutes. Some one of the party is on the ground instead of on the burro, and the saddle is where the "cingle" should be. The unfortunate one is helped up, the saddle is adjusted, and we start again—I wish I could say on a trot, but with all the coaxing and whipping they can not be persuaded to go faster than a walk, and they insist upon having their own way in climbing a mountain. They follow their leader, who will go along the side of the mountain for eight or ten rods, then take a short upward turn of ten or twelve feet, and make a trail in the shape of the letter S until they reach the top. They are taught this, when young, by the miners, who use them for carrying immense loads to their mines. I have seen them so loaded down with tents, provisions, and all kinds of cabin furniture that you could hardly see the animal.

It is a queer sight to see ten or fifteen of these little things starting out for some mine, perhaps miles away. They will carry without injury to themselves two hundred and fifty pounds each.

On one of them I once saw tent poles fastened on lengthwise; on these was placed a tent, and on the tent sat a cooking stove, with tea-kettle and frying-pan fastened on it. You could



just see the little feet and ankles of the burro. He looked like a walking cooking-stove, ready to stop at any moment and cook you a meal to order.

At last we reach the picnic grounds. The burro with the bell is made fast to a tree and the others allowed their freedom, as we were assured by their master that nothing would drive them from their leader. We select a shady place, and, as all are exhausted from laughter and the exertion to remain in the saddle, decide to rest before taking lunch.

As I slipped from my saddle I saw near me some fine mallows, and while the others were resting I at once commenced my work. They looked so small and delicate, growing in the rank grass, their little pink faces turned toward the sun, that I thought of them as "little nuns from a cloister;" when they came out the sun kissed them, and they blushed pink. The blossom much resembles a miniature hollyhock, and if I were going to give it a common name I would call it the wild hollyhock. It grows from eight to ten inches high, and flowers from August until October.

I found the party seated at lunch. I had been informed some time before that they would wait for me—just ten minutes, and I knew I had tried their patience by keeping them waiting at least twenty. How good the lunch did taste! Dick made the coffee, and he felt well repaid for his trouble when the demand for the third cup was made by all.

After lunch we did a little prospecting and found an iron spring. The water was cool and delicious, and pronounced as

fine as the noted spring at Manitou. The men were sure they had made a wonderful discovery, and bottled some of the water to have it analyzed.

In the soft earth near the spring were distinctly seen tracks that much resembled the deer's foot. Dick was at once called to decide, and he said there was not the least doubt of its being deer. The men wanted to return to camp at once and make preparations for the next day to hunt for deer. All interest in our picnic was gone from the moment the deer's tracks had been discovered, and the selfish men were anxious to start for home. Seeing we were to have no more pleasure from their society we consented to start for camp. So, packing up our baskets, we go for the burros, laughing to think of our ride back down the mountain. If it had been difficult to remain on their backs coming up, what would it be going down?

"Yes, there is the leader with the bell, but where, oh where, are the other burros?" The leader wagged his ears in a manner which plainly expressed that he could tell if he chose, but he did not choose.

A search was made, but no burros found. "Oh, Dick! what shall we do?" was asked by all. "Well, faith, I think the walking home will be done by two legs instead of four." As he was strapping our traps on the leader he was heard to remark: "None of your winking at me, ye measly beast, I believe my soul you put it in their heads to do it."

I think we all enjoyed the walk home; we rested many





times, and at each stop saw some new beauties in the lovely landscape before us. We could see "Ouray" Mountain, with its peaks covered with snow, while around us in full bloom were hundreds and hundreds of flowers.

Just before we reached camp I found this "œnothera," or evening primrose. It was growing in the grass and about the height I have given in the plate. It blossoms from June until October. The blossom is perfect at about five o'clock. To be able to make this sketch repaid me for my walk home, and I freely forgave the wicked "burro."

Every day brought some new pleasure; we had plenty of game and fresh trout for breakfast every morning, yet the men had not been rewarded by the early watch in the canyon for deer, and to carry back at least one was their great desire.

Our friend of the hotel came to the rescue. He knew "a scout by the name of Johnson, who had just come in, and he was the man to find deer. He had had wonderful success."

Johnson was sent for and soon made his appearance in camp. He told them "if they were willing to tramp and spend one night in the mountains he reckoned they would bring home a few." They were willing to tramp and to make any sacrifice to secure the coveted deer, so a trip was planned for the next day. They left by daylight, on foot, taking with them well packed, the "leading burro."

On the second day toward night we began to feel a little anxious about our hunters, and we went to the top of lookout



hill to watch for them. After waiting an hour we saw something coming. I thought it was a wild animal of the mountains, and wanted to run. It appeared to have three heads, and it came very slowly toward us. Soon we saw men slowly straggling up the hill. We looked again at the animal and recognized the ears; the two additional heads belonged to two as fine deer as one would wish to see. They had been strapped to the burro, and the poor thing was quite exhausted from the heavy load and long tramp.

To say that the men were proud of their success would but poorly express it. It surpassed any pride I had ever before seen, and gave us all real pleasure.

Dick gave a wonderful account of the flowers he had seen, and had dug up quite a number for me, but none were perfect except this cleome. It is quite common in this State, blossoming in August and September, and sometimes later in the fall. It has two shades of color as I have given them. I have seen the straw-color in Utah, but never in this State. It will grow in both high and low altitudes.

As every thing must have an end, so must very soon this trip. Dick, who had charge of every thing, including time, informed us that we had but one day more. "Only one day more?" we all exclaimed. It did not seem possible that we had spent together nearly thirty days, the time had gone so quickly and pleasantly.

Now that we had but one day we thought of a hundred



things we wanted to do. To take home a fine string of speckled trout seemed to be the ambition of the men. Dick, knowing this would be the case, had arranged every thing the night before, and was ready for an early start. I had remembered seeing on our first fishing excursion some beautiful wild geranium leaves, growing close to the ground, and I decided to go with the party, and on this, our last day, make them my last sketch. They grow in little clumps and resemble the autumn leaves. These I pulled from the soft earth, the stems going into the ground within an inch of the leaf. There are no two leaves alike in color, and yet every shade is represented in them.

The trout caught that day by the party were a delight to all; one weighed two and a quarter pounds. They were carefully packed in ice, and were among the trophies of our trip.

From Cimarron to Denver is just a day's ride, so by five o'clock the next morning our car was attached to the regular passenger train of the Denver & Rio Grande Railway from the west, and soon we were again climbing the mountains. All seemed quiet, and many were the regrets that we were so soon to part; the Bohemian life suited us all, and to me it was a new and delightful experience. Every moment had been a benefit. I had studied nature more in those few days than in any one year of my life. The sketches of flowers I had made and intended to give to my friends grew handsomer to me as we looked them over on our way home. "My! what a pretty book they would make," said Dick. It was echoed by the whole party. "And

tell about the good times we have had," said all. So if my book has not interested you, you must not blame me but our party, for they proposed it.

We arrived home at nine o'clock in the evening. It was a beautiful moonlight night, much the same as the one on which the trip was planned. In saying good-by we all promised, that if every thing went well with us for one year from that time, we would repeat our trip of "Thirty days in the mountains of Colorado."

